

CHANDAMAMA

MARCH 1974

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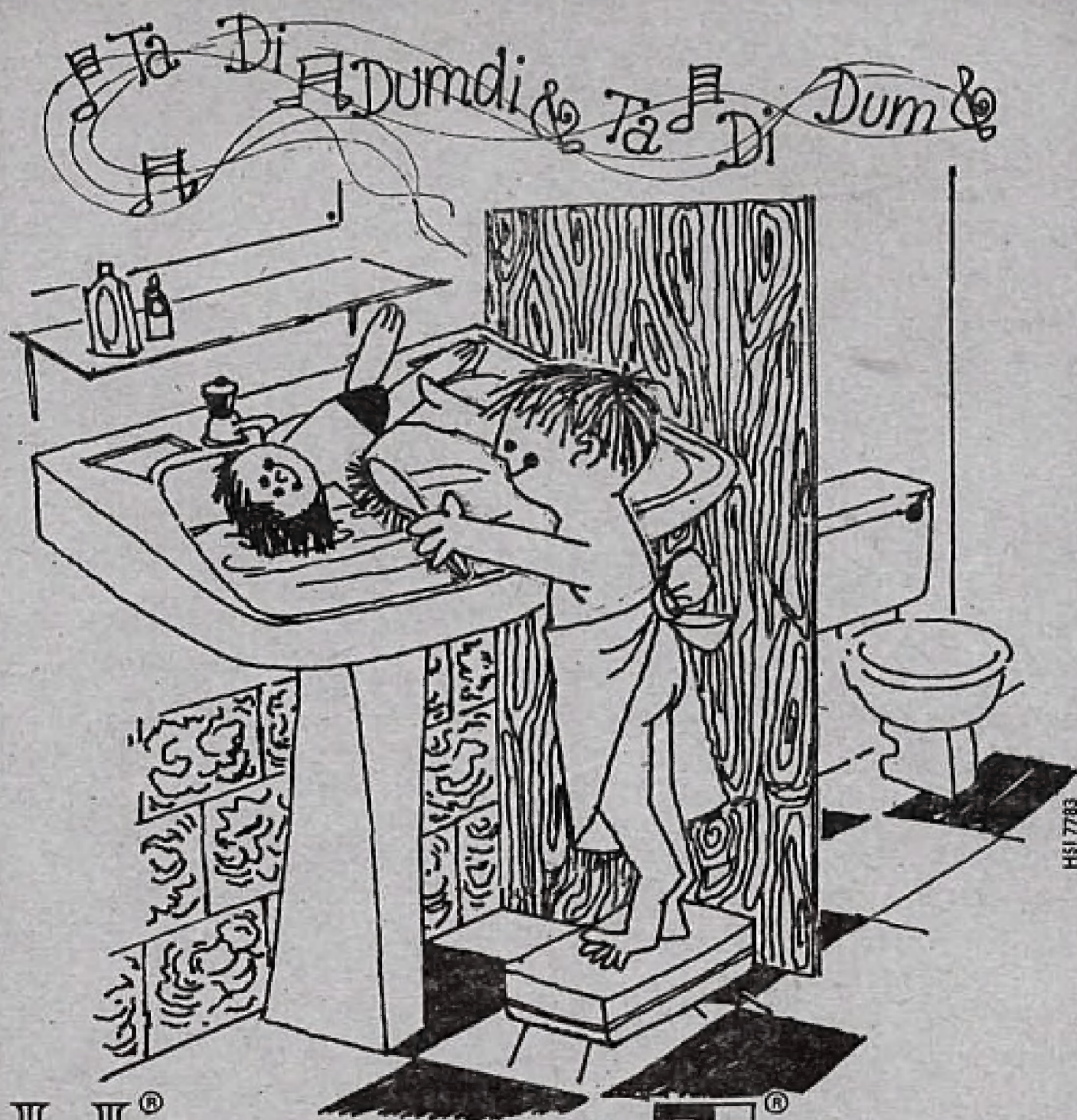
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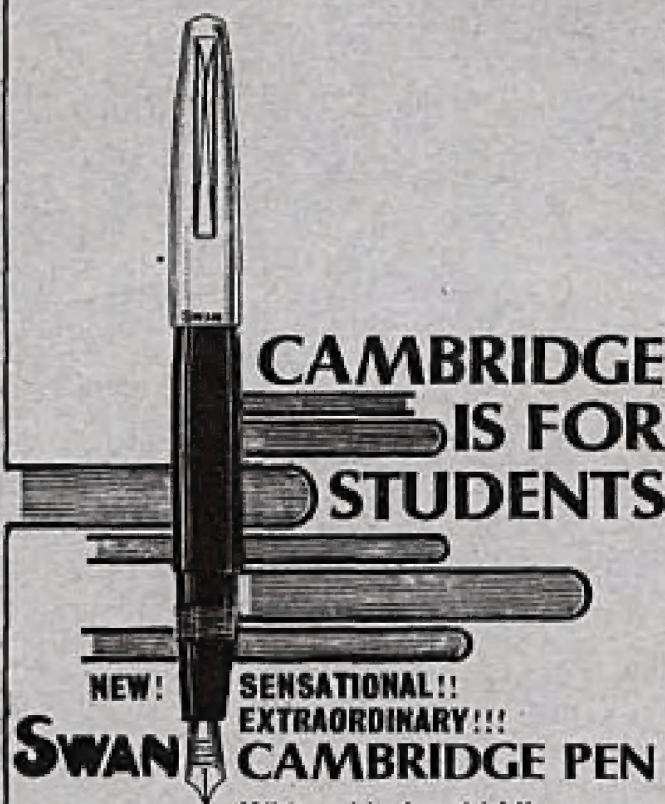


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CHANDAMAMA

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SERVED RIGHT

Long ago in a certain village lived a farmer whose name was Dayaldas. He was a miser and a mean fellow at that.

One day, he thought, he would hire a servant to do his bidding and so advertised for an able bodied man.

Madhu was the village head-man's son and he thought that here was an excellent opportunity to earn some money. So he applied to the miser, who told him, "Young man, I'll pay you four rupees a month. But before parting with each rupee, I'll ask you a question. If you can answer correctly, the money will be yours."

Madhu thought this a little strange but all the same he accepted the condition.

A month later, Madhu presented himself before Dayaldas to receive his pay. The latter said he would pose a question to which Madhu had

to give the right answer. The youth agreed, and Dayaldas pointing to a cat asked what it was. Madhu replied, "Oh! It's a cat."

The miser said, "Wrong. It's called pure."

Then pointing to a burning flame, Dayaldas asked, "What is it?"

Madhu replied, "It's a fire."

Dayaldas said, "Wrong. It's called happiness. Now for the third question. Tell me what that is?"

Madhu looked in the direction pointed out by the old man and saw a jug full of water. So he said, "That's a water jug."

"Wrong again," cried Dayaldas. "You should have said 'body'. Now for the last question. What is that on top?"

Madhu looked up and saw the roof of the house. So he

said, "That's the roof of the house."

This time also Dayaldas cried out, "Wrong. You should have said 'high place'. As you haven't answered my questions correctly, you get nothing this month. Better luck next month."

Madhu was not in the least disheartened by this. He said, "You'll see, Sir, next month. I'll answer the questions correctly."

Dayaldas, the miser, congratulating himself upon his own cleverness left the house in charge of the young man and went off to the market.

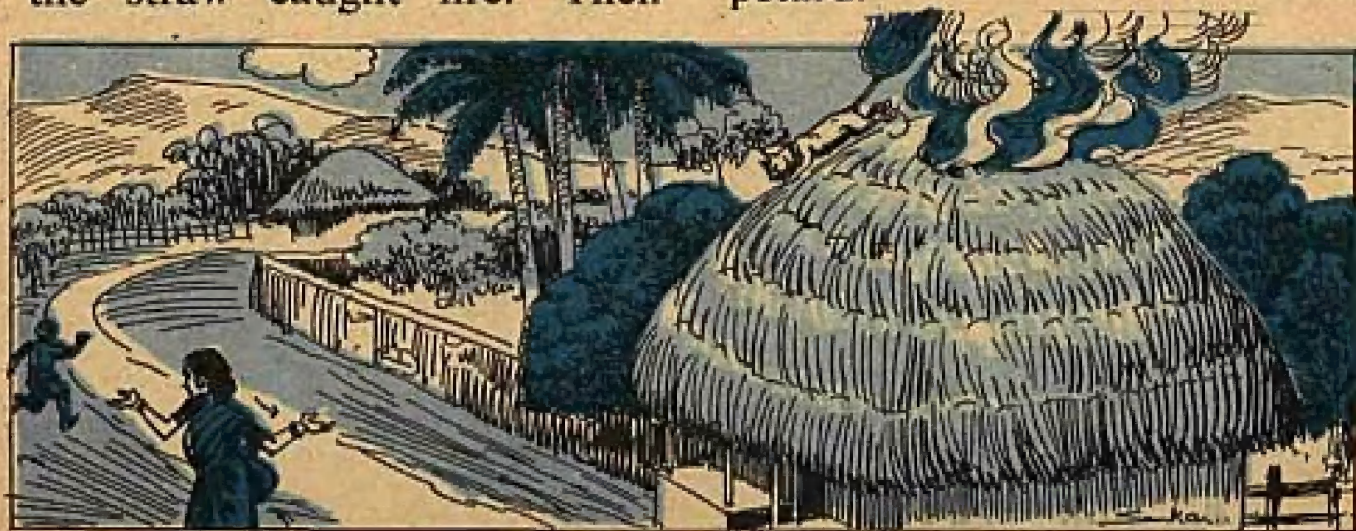
No sooner had he left than Madhu caught the cat and tying a rag round its tail, set it alight. He threw the animal on the roof of the cottage. The poor cat meowing piteously scampered across the roof, and the straw caught fire. Then

Madhu hastily took up the jug and began to sprinkle water on the flames.

Dayaldas's wife came running and told Madhu to go and report the matter to her husband. So Madhu ran to the market and saw the old man on his way home.

Madhu ran up to him and said, "Sir, Pure took Happiness and went to the High Place. I poured water from the Body, but it was of no use. I have told you this so that you may take action."

Now Dayaldas could not make out head or tail of what the boy was saying. So he shooed him away and went home leisurely. By the time he reached his home, he found only a mound of ashes where his house stood. Thus all his cleverness came to nought and he was hoisted with his own petard.





THE THREE IDOLS

Long, long ago in a certain land three idols of similar appearance stood in a lonely spot.

People believed that they possessed oracular wisdom and came in droves to know the answers to their problems. Sometimes one idol would answer and the oracle came to pass. At other times the prophecy of another idol failed. The oracles of the third were partially fulfilled.

The fame of the idols spread all over the land, and eventually the king heard about it. So he sent for the priest and said, "How surprising? Is it true that the prophecies of the oracles are fulfilled?"

The priest replied, "Your Majesty, one of the idols speaks the truth. Another speaks half-truths and the third tells only

lies. But it is very difficult to pin each one down to its statements. This is why, for some people the oracles comes true, and for some others, it fails totally."

The king thought for a while and then said, "We must ascertain which idol speaks the truth, so that we may worship it in the proper manner. Well, I declare that whoever can find it out will be given vast lands as reward."

So the royal proclamation went out and the people of the land vied with one another in discovering the truth. But no one succeeded in unravelling the mystery.

One day an old farmer came to the temple. He resolved to find the truth of the matter.

He went to the first idol and said, "Lord, does the idol on

your right speak the truth?"

The figure replied, "Perhaps!"

Then he went to the second figure and said, "Do you speak the truth?"

The idol replied, "Yes."

Finally the old man went to the last idol in the row and said, "Lord, does the idol on your left speak the truth?"

The idol replied instantly.

"No. That idol lies."

The priest took him to the king, and the old farmer explained his conclusion to the monarch.

Thereupon the farmer declared that he had found the true idol.

"Sire, the first idol speaks half-truths. The second idol tells lies, and the third alone speaks the entire truth."

At first the king refused to believe this and asked the old

farmer to prove his statement.

The old man said, "Sire, the first idol replied with the word, 'perhaps', to my query as to whether the idol next to it spoke the truth. From that I realised that it tailored its answer to suit the occasion. The third idol bluntly denied that the second one spoke the truth, and so I knew that the latter habitually lied. As the third idol had revealed the truth about the second one, I reasoned that this alone of the three prophesied correctly."

The king was overjoyed to have solved the riddle and rewarded the farmer handsomely. Then he built separately a temple for the true deity and arranged for its proper worship. From that day on the true oracle attracted the devotees of the land who went home satisfied with the correct answers given by the deity.



THE MONTH OF MARCH

Once upon a time, there were two brothers whose names were Jake and John. Jake was very rich and lived in a wonderful house that was full to the roof with priceless treasures, but the other brother, John, was very poor. He barely had enough to eat and he lived in a little mud hut on the edge of a thick forest. Jake was also very mean with his money and whenever poor John asked him for help, or for some food his brother Jake would say, "Why don't you seek your fortune, John and make some money of your own?" Of course, John was never able to get any money, he was so poor and ragged nobody would give him a job.

One day, he was sitting inside his little hut trying to get warm, for it was the middle of Winter and the snow was on the ground when suddenly he had an idea. "I know what I will do," he said to himself. He went round his hut and gathered together his few belongings and put them in a handkerchief.

"This is what I will do. I will walk round the world," he said to himself and, although it was Winter and very cold, off he started on his long journey.

He walked all day and all night and the next morning his feet were so blistered and sore that he was glad when he saw an inn in the far distance. He hurried towards it and when he entered the door a very welcome sight met his eyes. There was a blazing fire in the hearth and seated around it were twelve men.

One of them got up and said to him, "Come inside and warm yourself, stranger, you look as though you are half frozen. You must have come a long way. Stop here and take a rest".

The man helped John to the fire, while the other eleven men prepared some food for him. After an excellent meal John felt much better and he was able to talk to his kind hosts. One of them asked him, "What do you think of this cruel weather?"



"What is there to think?" replied John. "It seems to me that the months of the year are only doing their duty. After all, there are some people who want snow in the month of August and when the Winter comes they are crying out for sunshine. That would never do. Think what would happen to the harvest if it snowed in the Summer. Everyone would die of hunger."

"But you can't deny," insisted the man, "that although

several months are cold and miserable and wet, the month of March is the very worst month of the year. It always makes life unbearable, with its cold winds and its rains."

"Oh, but I don't agree," replied John. "After all March is the time when roses begin to bud and the first signs of Spring begin to show. It is always very welcome, after the long, hard Winter."

The young man smiled, for the twelve men who were seated



around the fire were the different months of the year. The young man John had been speaking to, was himself the month of March.

As John got up to leave and continue his journey round the world, the young man gave him a small box.

"Whenever you want something, just open the lid of this box and wish," he said to John.

John thanked them all very much for the food and warmth they had given him, he especially thanked the man who had given him the small box. He said goodbye and off he went.

The road he walked along was covered with snow and ice so that in places he stumbled and slithered and almost fell. He got colder and colder and at last he could bear it no longer. He opened the little box and wished.

"I wish I had a sedan chair, that I could travel in, carried high on the shoulders of four strong men," he said.

As soon as he had finished speaking, there appeared a sedan chair by his side, complete with velvet cushions, lace curtains and carried by four strong men, dressed in scarlet

uniforms. They placed the chair on the ground and John stepped in it. Then they carried him, high on their shoulders along the icy road.

They travelled on through the night and John began to feel very tired. He opened the box once more and wished again.

"I wish I had a lovely warm bed to sleep in tonight," he said.

This time, not only a bed appeared but also a wonderful stone castle. It seemed to spring up suddenly on the edge of the forest. That night was the most comfortable he had ever spent, for the bed was made of the softest feathers and it was covered with the lightest blankets.

Next morning, John decided to return home instead of travelling round the world. The four men carried him home in the sedan chair and he arrived at his brother Jake's house, loaded down with gold, velvet and silk clothes and many jewels, all of which he had found in the castle.

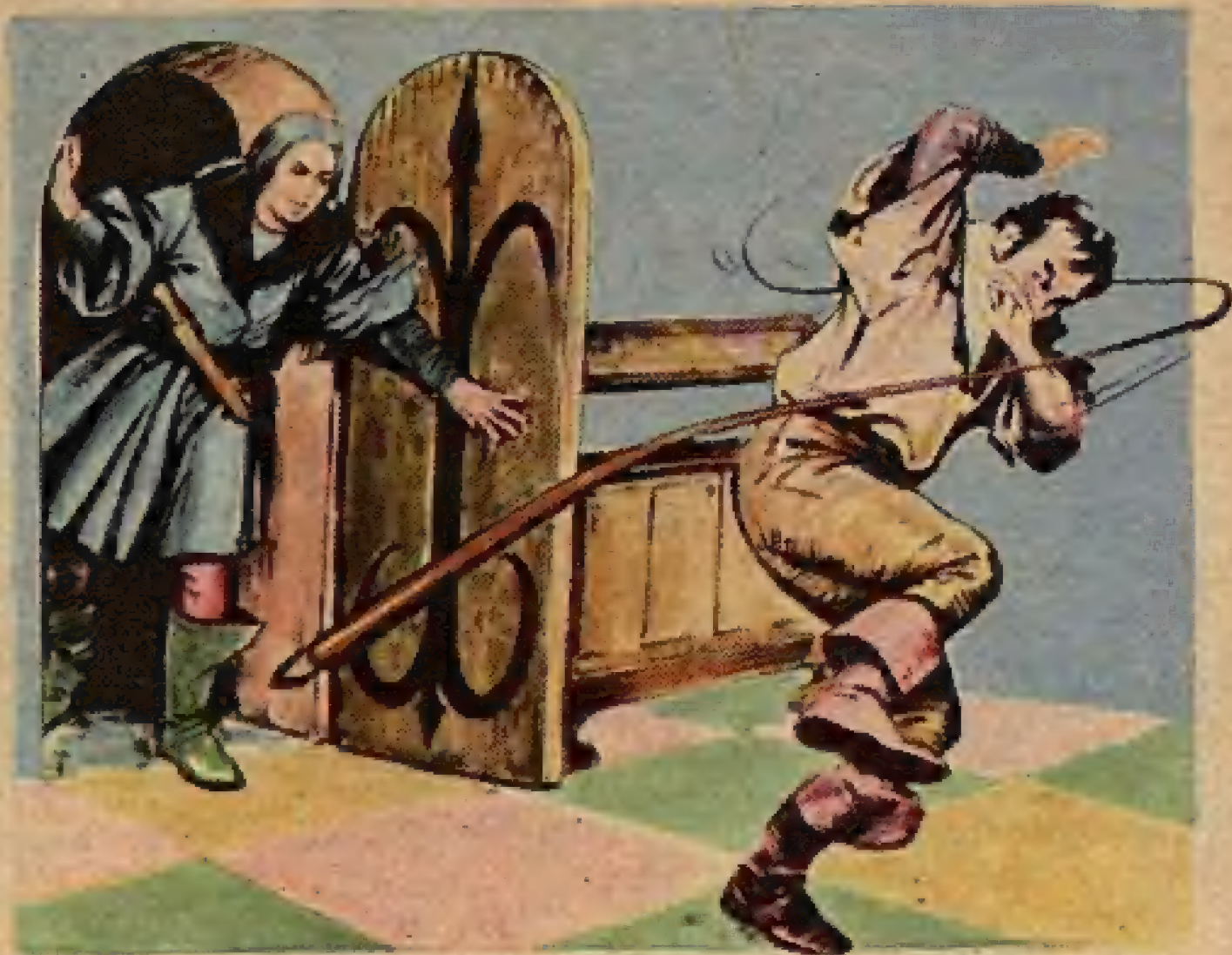
As soon as his brother saw all this wealth, he became filled with envy. John told his brother how he had come by all these riches and how he had met the twelve men in the inn,



but he did not tell him about the questions the month of March had asked him, or about the answers he had given.

Jake was so eager to increase his wealth that he set off at once, to the inn where John had rested. When, at last, he found it, like his brother John, he was asked to come in and share the fire and a meal with the twelve other men. After he had eaten and warmed himself the men started to ask him questions. The man who was the month of March asked him the same questions he had asked his brother.

"What do you think of the



terrible month of March? Don't you think it is the worst month of the year? The cold winds and the rain make life unbearable."

"I think we would be much better off without it," replied the foolish Jake. "I do not like cold winds and I hate rain. I wish we could get rid of March altogether, I would like sunshine all the time."

Young March said nothing. Instead, smiling craftily to himself, he gave Jake a leather

whip and said, "When you want pearls or jewels, all you have to say is, 'Give me a hundred' and that exact number of pearls or jewels will fall out of the sky and into your lap."

Jake grabbed the whip and without waiting to say thank you he sped off back to his house. Once inside he took the present up to his bedroom where nobody could see him, but instead of saying "Give me a hundred" he said, greedily "Give me lots and lots."

However, instead of pearls and jewels showering out of the sky the whip began to lash poor Jake as a punishment for his greediness. On and on it went, until Jake had been whipped at least a hundred times. John came running into the house when he heard his brother's cries for mercy and as he entered the bedroom he commanded the whip to stop. Then he made his brother tell him the story of the whip.

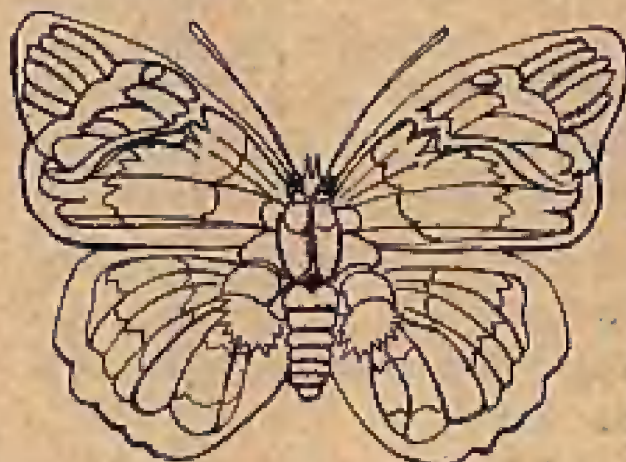
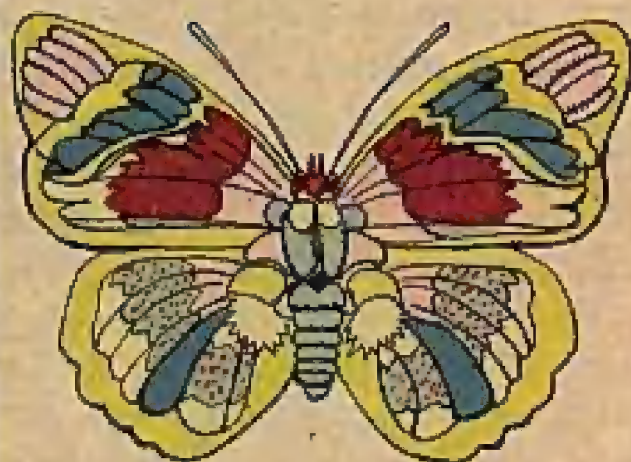
When Jake had finished John said, "My brother, it would not have hurt you to say something kind about the month of March. It costs nothing to be

kind and generous and it always brings its own reward. To speak ill of things is always dangerous. Now you have learned your lesson, I hope. As for the riches you dreamed of, I still have my little box and that will provide all the wealth that we will want. From now on let us share the fortune together, for I am prepared to forgive you."

Jake was very moved by his brother's words and he begged John's forgiveness. After the beating and the lesson he had received he became the best brother in the world and they both lived happily in Jake's fine house for ever after.

WONDERS WITH COLOURS

Follow the colour suggestion on the left
and colour the butterfly on the right.



The Princess with the Golden Hair

Many years ago, in the Far East, there lived a princess whose hair was like golden threads. Because of her great beauty, her wicked stepmother hated her so much, that she persuaded her brother, the prince, to take the young girl into the desert and leave her there to die. The prince did as his stepmother wished.

After five days, the princess returned to the palace riding on a magnificent lion. The wicked stepmother knew she was being scorned by her people because of this wonderful homecoming, so she ordered the prince to send his sister away to the wild mountains. Nobody lived there except the fierce vultures.

Three days went by and on the fourth the princess with the golden hair appeared again, carried safely home by three vultures. By now the stepmother was hated even more by her people, so again she gave

orders for the princess to be sent away and this time it was to a desert island. After a few days, the princess was brought home again; this time in the boat of some kind old fishermen.

The stepmother was furious. She ordered the guards to dig a deep well in the palace courtyard and when it was finished she pushed the princess into it and hastily had the hole filled in again. After six days the wicked stepmother saw a strange light shining from the spot where the well had been in the courtyard. The prince, who did not know that his sister had been buried there, ordered the guards to search the spot where the light was shining and the princess was discovered again, alive and well.

The stepmother could bear it no longer. The trunk of a Mulberry tree was hollowed out and the little princess was shut inside it. Then the tree trunk was thrown into the sea. It



was tossed about by the sea for nine days until it was finally washed up on the shores of Japan. Some fishermen spotted the Mulberry trunk floating in the water and pulled it ashore. When they opened it they found the princess with the golden hair, but as soon as she saw the light of day she closed her eyes and changed into a silkworm. The little silkworm crawled on to a Mulberry tree and began to gnaw at the leaves. The fishermen watched it in amazement and kept a close

guard on the creature.

One day, the silkworm did not eat. Instead, she kept perfectly still and did not move for five whole days. This is as many days as the princess had stayed in the desert.

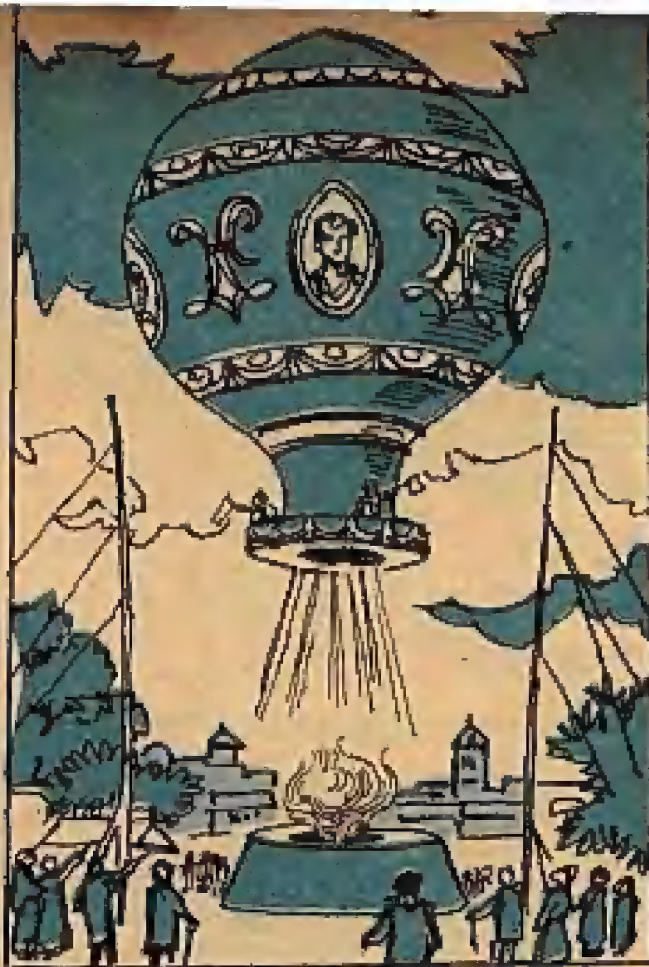
After the fifth day the silkworm awoke and began to feed for a few more days, before falling asleep again. This time she slept for as long as she had been with the vultures and so it went on, with the little silkworm eating and sleeping alternately. Then there came the day, when

the tired little silkworm wrapped herself in a cocoon, or covering, of silky, golden thread. After a while she came out of the cocoon not as a worm, but as a beautiful moth with big, pale wings and she flew here and there laying eggs. From these eggs other silkworms were born until gradually they spread over the whole of Japan. People discovered how to get silk threads from the cocoons and they made Japan a rich country.

The Japanese look after the silkworms in great numbers and

weave the most beautiful silk from the threads. When the silkworm goes to sleep, they remember the legend of the beautiful princess with the golden hair who came to their island in a Mulberry tree. They say that the silkworm sleeps five times. These are named after the adventures the princess had. The Japanese call them The Sleep of the Lion, The Sleep of the Vultures, The Sleep of the Ship, The Sleep of the Well and The Sleep of the Tree Trunk.





WAS THE FIRST BALLOON REALLY FILLED WITH HOT AIR?

The first balloon to carry men into the air was filled with hot air. It rose above Paris on 21st November, 1783. Made by two brothers, Etienne and Joseph Montgolfier, the balloon was filled with hot air by being placed over a fire burning through a hole in a platform. With its two passengers, it rose to about 500 feet and drifted for some 20 minutes before landing in a field five miles away.

EIFFEL TOWER

This great landmark soaring into the sky above Paris bears the name of its builder, a French engineer named Alexandre Gustave Eiffel (1832-1923). He began work on this tower in 1887, having designed it for the big Paris exhibition of 1889. Made of cast iron 7,300 tons of it the tower is 984 feet high and offers views extending to more than 60 miles around the French capital.



WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

1. *A State in the U.S.A. has the same name as a republic in the U.S.S.R. What is it called?*
2. *In which city was John F. Kennedy assassinated?*
3. *Which Russian Czar sold Alaska to America?*
4. *What have the following in common: Reuter, U.P.I., P.T.I., U.N.I.?*
5. *What is the headquarters of Interpol?*
6. *A former President of Argentina has come to power again. What is his name?*
7. *The Chilean President committed suicide after a successful military coup. What is his name?*
8. *The North Vietnam Peace Negotiator to Paris talks refused to accept the Nobel Prize for peace? What is his name? Who was named to share the Prize with him?*
9. *Who kept the wickets in the last Bombay Test Match between England and India?*
10. *A great Australian cricketer, a contemporary of Donald Bradman, committed suicide recently. What is his name?*
11. *The last living Ex-President of America died recently. Who was he?*
12. *The American Vice-President was forced to resign. What is his name? Who succeeded him?*
13. *How many floors has the Empire State Building in America?*
14. *Who was India's first Test Cricket Captain?*
15. *Lima is the Capital of a country. What is it?*

Now Turn to Page 59 and Check your score!

Great occasions rouse even the lowest of human beings to some kind of greatness, but he alone is really great whose character is great always, the same wherever he be.

—Swami Vivekananda



A spy sent by the Sheriff of Nottingham found out where Robin Hood's secret camp was located in Sherwood Forest. In the dead of night he lit a big fire to guide all the Sheriff's soldiers to the spot.

Maid Marian, however, happened to see him and raised the alarm. The spy fled and got away, but Robin Hood and his outlaws got there in time to put out the fire. "The danger is over," said Robin, "thanks to Marian."



The moon began to show and Robin had an idea. "That spy was on foot," he said. "Get three horses, Will Scarlet, and we will try to catch him. The moonlight will help us a lot." Will Scarlet hurried away to get the horses.



Very soon, Will came back with three horses and joined Robin Hood and Little John as they rode through the forest as fast as they could, hoping to catch the spy before he could get back to the Sheriff of Nottingham.

As Robin had guessed, the man was on foot and terrified as he fled through the forest. When he heard the sounds of horses' hooves behind him he was even more afraid. "I must get away," he panted. "I must get to the Sheriff!"



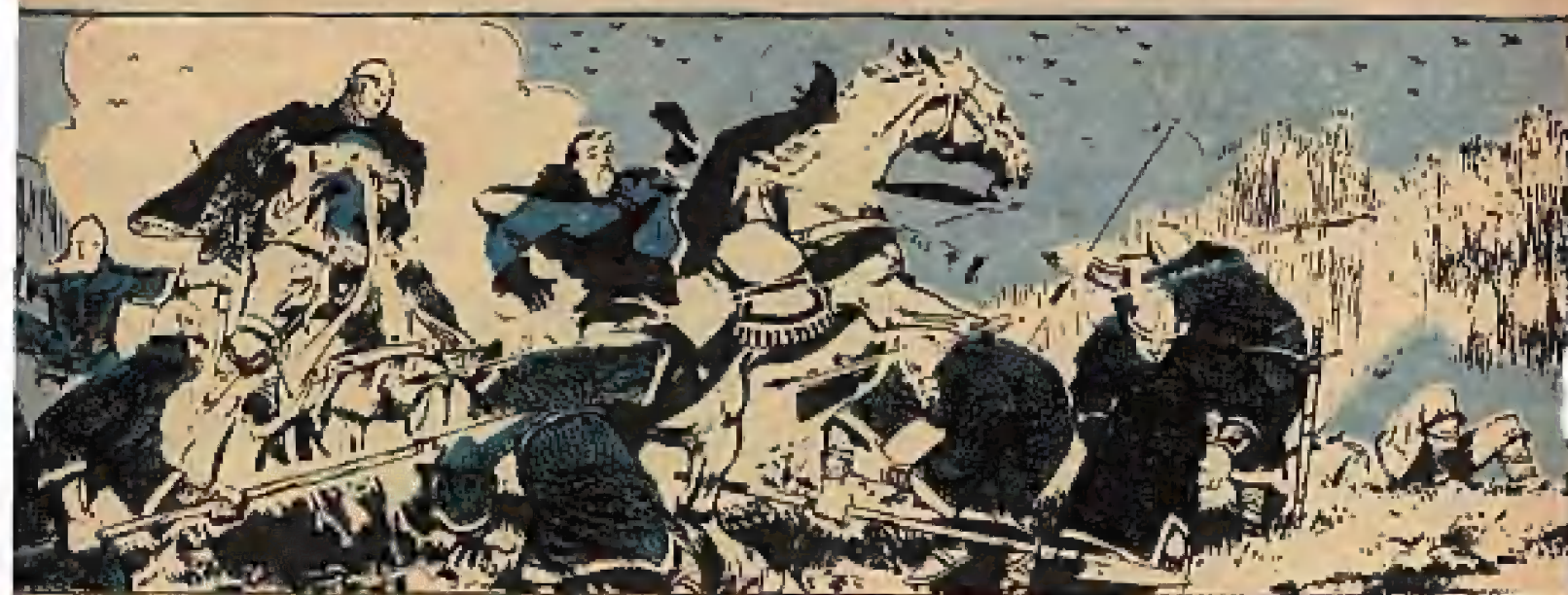
Meanwhile, the Sheriff of Nottingham was waiting on the edge of the forest for his spy to come and tell him just where Robin's camp was. The Norman knight, Sir Geoffrey Malpert was with him, growling: "Your man has failed!"

The Sheriff began to think his spy must have been caught by Robin Hood, but actually the man came stumbling through the trees, asking for help. Men ran to his aid and brought him before the Sheriff. "You have failed me!" snapped the Sheriff. The man fell on his knees. "I did my best, Sheriff," he said. "I started the fire but I was caught in the act." While the spy was telling his story, in fearful tones, Robin Hood, Little John and Will Scarlet came riding to the spot.



"What shall we do? Attack them?" asked Little John. "Not now," replied Robin. "Keep under cover so they won't find out we are only three. When the arrows fly they will fly, too. Ready?" The three fitted arrows to their bows! "Fire!" shouted Robin. Suddenly, a shower of arrows came hissing through the air all round the startled Sheriff and his soldiers. Sir Geoffrey was furious. "We are in a trap and it's your fault!" he shouted at the Sheriff.





They darted from tree to tree and bush to bush until the Sheriff and his men felt sure they were surrounded by Robin and all his men. The arrows seemed to come from all sides. The spy could not fight because an arrow hit him. The Sheriff's startled horse plunged about and threw its rider, and the Normans did not know where to turn. The frightened Sheriff wanted to ride back to Nottingham Castel. The Norman



soldiers turned to run. Only the rage of Sir Geoffrey Malpert kept the soldiers there to fight on. "You cowards," he raved furiously. "Keep fighting!"

Robin knew, however, that he and his two friends would be unable to hold so many soldiers at bay for very long, and now they had no more arrows left. "It is time for us to go," said Robin. "Where is Little John?"

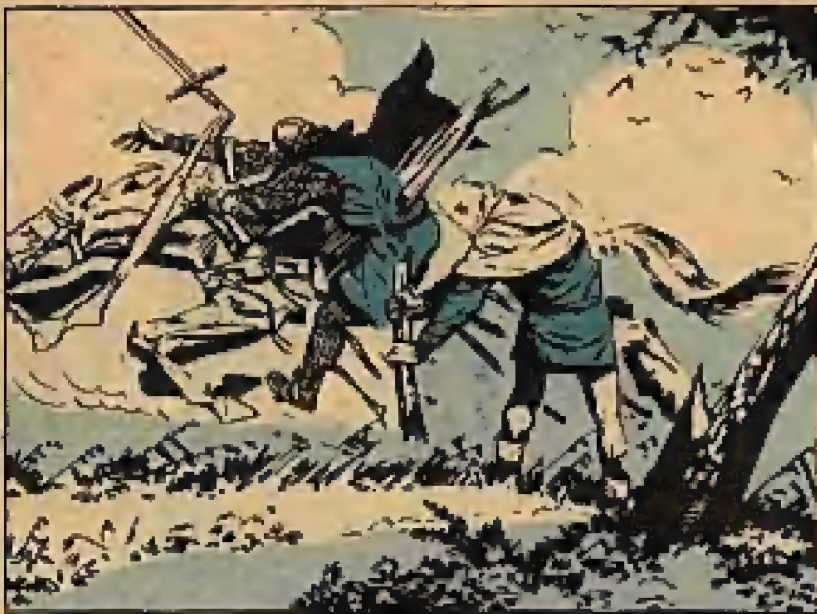
Little John was always reckless. During the shooting, he had moved farther away from Robin and Will Scarlet than he realised. He was soon in trouble. A party of Normans took him by surprise and dragged him out of his saddle.



If those Normans thought they had made him prisoner with ease, they soon found out their mistake. Little John was unarmed but he fought furiously. His terrific strength showed itself as he flung the Normans this way and that.

Then Little John fled from the soldiers, hoping to find Robin Hood and Will Scarlet closeby, but Sir Geoffrey Malpert saw him and came thundering towards him. Little John had no weapon, so he broke off a branch from a tree.





Sir Geoffrey aimed a savage blow at Little John with his sword. Nimbly, the big outlaw dodged it, then struck out with his tree branch. He did not miss. Sir Geoffrey was knocked off his horse and crashed heavily to the ground.

Little John raced away as fast as ever he could. His luck was in. Robin Hood and Will Scarlet chanced to see him and called out, "Come on, Little John. This way!" Little John soon joined his friends once again.



Unluckily, he had lost his horse. That meant they had only two horses between the three men, but there was no time to lose. "Jump up behind me," said Robin. "Quickly." Little John obeyed and the three rode away into the forest.



The Dream Came True

Once upon a time there was a king. He had three sons. He was very fond of them and loved to hear them talk.

One day, when they were all in a merry mood, the king said, "Lads, tell me about the dreams you dreamt last night."

The eldest prince began. "I dreamt that I had sailed to a far distant island. On that island stood a huge palace. I went inside and was warmly received. That's all."

The king applauded him and turned to the next son.

The prince related his dream, which was identical in experience to that of the eldest son.

Then it was the youngest prince's turn. Somehow he was unwilling to speak. The king pressed him hard. So Anand, that was his name, began to relate his dream very reluctantly.

"I dreamt that you had brought me water in a silver

vessel to wash my hands and that my mother stood by with a towel to wipe them dry."

As soon as he heard this the king's anger knew no bounds. His brow as dark as thundercloud he spoke harshly to Anand.

"Do you think we are your servants? You are an upstart and have no place here. I exile you from this very minute."

Poor Anand who guessed what the king's reaction might be to his dream left the palace without a word.

He wandered far and wide and at last came to a mighty castle. There was no one inside. Anand entered a courtyard and saw a huge giant driving a hundred cows before him. The giant was totally blind but he seemed to know his way around. He sat on a stool and began to milk each cow in turn.

Anand tip-toed up to the giant and called out softly, "Father!"



The surprised giant let the pail fall from his hands and looked about.

"Who are you that calls me father?"

"I am indeed your son," replied Anand.

"When were you born?" asked the giant.

"Oh! a long while ago," said the lad.

"Hm!" said the giant, after a while.

"Very well, son of mine, stay here with me and help out in the daily chores. I wish I could see you. As you can see, I am totally blind."

So from that day on Anand stayed at the giant's castle. He washed and swept and cleaned

the castle of centuries dirt and rubbish. One day in one of the rooms he came upon a bamboo piccolo. He blew on it and liked the sound it made. He went into the garden and played a ditty. At the sound of the piccolo everything began to dance—trees, the grass, the clouds above. Everything moved to the lifting melody. When he stopped playing, everything became still.

In the evening the giant returning from his work as a cowherd said, "Lad, I had a trying time today. For some reason I began to dance. Even the cows began to prance. I just could not stop. Oh! how my legs ache."

Anand smiled secretively and said, "Father, let me graze the cows from tomorrow. You take rest."

"Oh! very well," said the giant. "But take care not to visit that green hill side. A lot of witches live there. They'll make you blind. You see, I lost my eyes because of them."

Anand promised to be careful and next day he drove the cows out to graze. When he came to the green hill, he saw a white mansion. Wanting to have a better look he climbed

a high tree and sat on a thick branch. Now many witches lived in that mansion. One saw him from a window and was soon joined by another. They chortled with delight and said, "Ah! There is another with bright eyes. Let's put his eyes out."

Then they darted towards Anand. But the lad quick as thought put the piccolo to his lips and blew lustily on it. The witches began to dance and they could not stop themselves. Another witch jumped high in the air and Anand seizing the hair tied her to the branch. Yet another witch dared to come near him and met the same fate.

Then they implored him to free them. Anand said, "Restore my father's eyesight, and I'll free you."

"Free us and we'll get you his eyes," said the witches.

"Oh! No, If I free you, you'll run away. Tell me where you keep the eyes. I'll fetch them," said Anand.

"Oh! all right. Go into our kitchen. You'll find two goblins guarding the place. If you shout, Ba Ba, then they'll fall into the fire. If you call out, Tu, Tu they'll come to-



wards you. If you can kiss them, they'll give you two apples. Give them to your father to eat and he'll get back his eyes."

Anand went into the house and the goblins sprang upon him. Quickly he shouted, "Ba, Ba", and the little monsters fell into the fire and were burnt to ashes. Then picking up the two apples he went back to the castle, not heeding the pleas of the witches to free them.

Then he gave the fruits to the giant who ate them gladly. At once his sight was restored and he danced around in great joy. He praised Anand for his kindness and declared he was a splendid fellow. Then Anand related how he had come by the



apples. The giant went out and burnt the witches to the ground and destroyed their evil mansion.

Later he called Anand and said, "Take what you want from my castle."

So Anand went into each room and saw heaps of gold and precious jewels. But he did not touch these. He only took a brightly flashing blade, a pair of silver sandals and a gorgeous dress. Wearing all these, he went round the castle and at last came to a room locked from the outside. When he asked for the key, the giant seemed reluctant and said that evil would befall him if he opened

that door. But Anand was so insistent that at last he drew the key from his bunch and gave it to the lad.

Anand opened the door and saw a wide hall in the middle of which stood a richly capri-soned horse. The horse whinnied on seeing him and said, "Come, prince, climb on my back. We must go to the rescue of your father whose kingdom has been attacked by the kings of the neighbouring countries because your sister would not marry any of them unless one of them succeeded in jumping a horse over the large pool in your garden."

Anand did not tarry there any longer. Quick as thought he jumped on the horse and flew high in the air. When he reached the kingdom he saw his father's army in full retreat. Then raising his bejewelled sword he plunged into the enemy's ranks and soon routed them.

The old king was full of gratitude for this unexpected help. But he did not recognise the prince, so changed was the latter in appearance. He arranged a grand feast for the noble warrior.

At the end of the feast, the king brought water for his guest



to wash and the queen stood ready with a towel.

Anand laughed and said, "Well, father, so after all the dream did come true!"

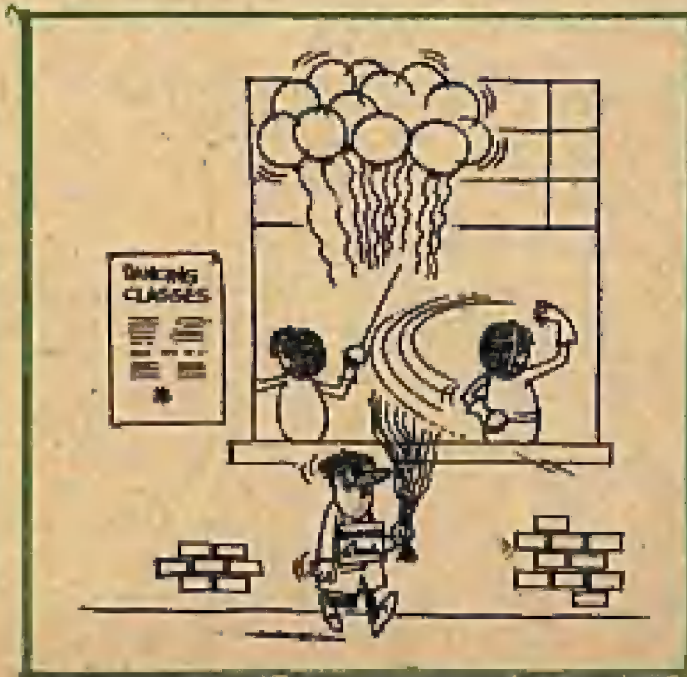
Then the old king's eyes filled with tears at the sight of the son whom he had exiled so unjustly. His two older sons had run away like cowards from the

battle field.

So Anand was crowned king of the land. But the prince did not forget his foster-father, the giant, through whose generosity he had come into such a huge fortune. Whenever he could take time off from his kingly duties, he visited the giant's castle and spent his days happily.

SPOT THE DIFFERENCES

There are ten differences between the two cartoons. Find them out and enjoy for yourself. (Sorry, no clue anywhere in the Magazine.)



THE MAGIC VIOLIN

A long time ago, there lived a young man who was a wonderful musician.

All his life, from very early boyhood, he had devoted to music and now, when he played his violin, the music was so beautiful that everyone stopped to listen. They all declared it the sweetest music they had ever heard, but the young musician was still not satisfied.

"I want a violin that will make the most beautiful music in the world," he said.

He searched and searched, tried violin after violin, but still he could not find the perfect one he was seeking. There was always a fault here, a flaw there, something wrong with every violin he tried. He was never quite satisfied.

One day, when his old music master lay dying, he called the young musician to his bedside. "I have taught you all I can," he said. "I can teach you no more and now I am dying. I have one more thing left to give you. In that cupboard

you will find a violin, in a case. Take it, it is yours. On it you will play the most wonderful music ever heard."

The young man found the violin and took it out of its case. It was perfectly made and he was delighted with it.

"Take it," said his teacher. "It will make you rich and famous."

When the young musician got home, he began to play his new violin. All his music master had said was true. The sound was the sweetest he had ever heard. Now his music grew lovelier and lovelier to listen to, each time he played. He could scarcely stop playing, the music was so sweet.

His fame spread and people came from far and near to hear him play.

One day, as he sat playing idly to himself, making up new melodies, he found himself playing a melody he had never heard before. It was so wonderful that he wanted to go on playing it. It seemed to come

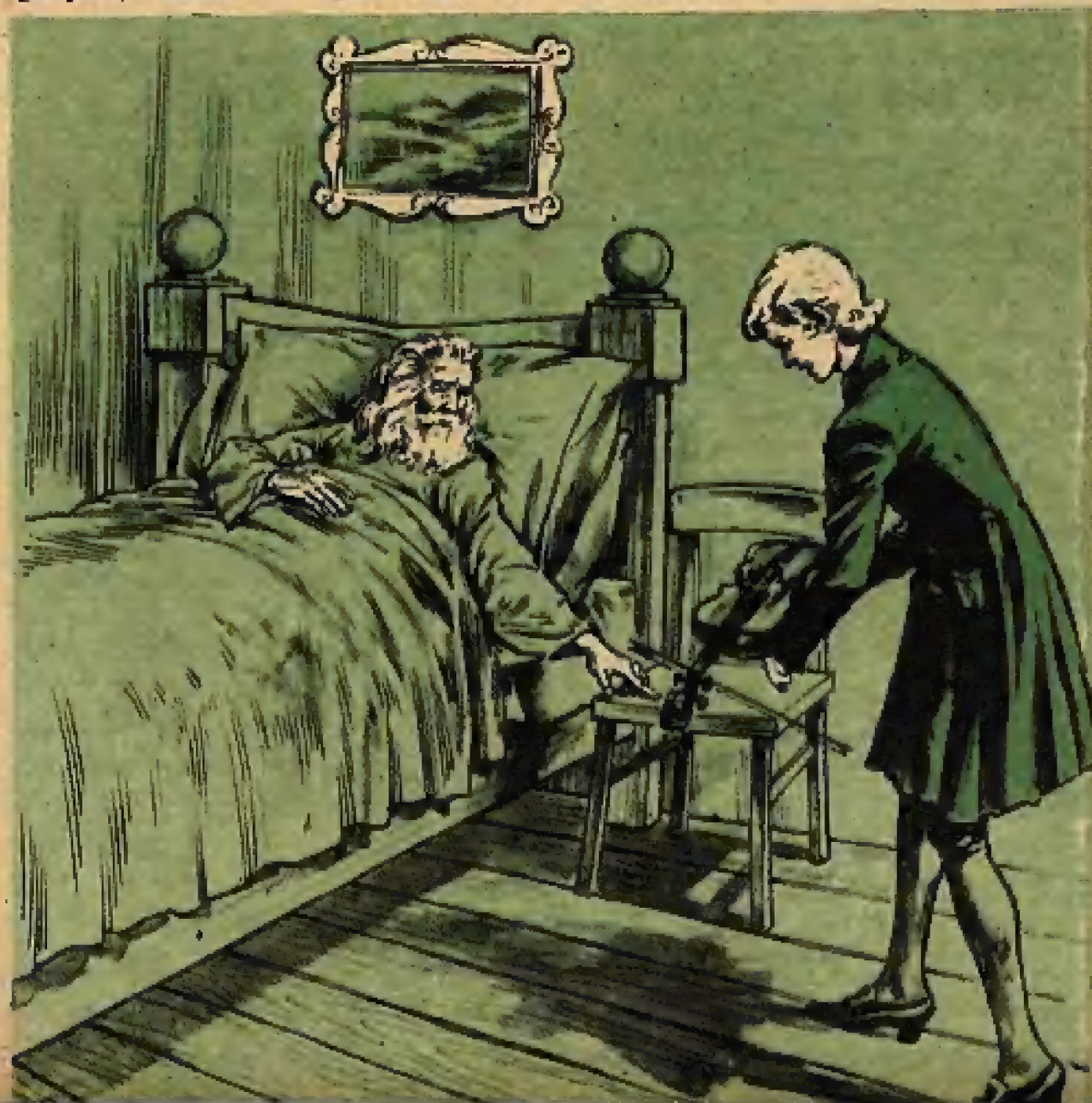
from the violin and he played, hesitatingly at first, then with confidence as the notes came to him.

As he played a strange thing happened. A glittering golden staircase began to unfold before his eyes.

Up and up it reached, growing longer with each note he played, until it was lost in

clouds. Then from the violin stepped a beautiful girl. She put her foot on the bottom step and began to climb up. The young musician was so surprised that he stopped playing.

The girl turned to him. "Do not stop playing," she begged. "I make the sweet sound of your violin. I have



been imprisoned in this violin for years. If you play the melody to the end it will build a bridge up which I can climb to return to my family and friends. For years I have waited for a musician who would play the melody for me—please release me, for only you can do it.”

The musician was astonished. “What would happen to the sweet sound of my violin if I let you go?” he asked.

“You would lose it. It would be just an ordinary violin again, but I should be free,” replied the girl.

“No,” said the musician, throwing down his bow. “I will not let you go. You must stay here and make more wonderful music for me.”

As he threw down the bow, the golden staircase disappeared and the lovely girl with it.

Soon, the young musician's fame had spread right through the country. “How can one so young make such wonderful music?” asked the people who flocked to hear him, whenever he gave a concert.

Often, when he was alone, the young man played the sweet, haunting melody which built the golden staircase. Each

time, the girl came out of the violin and began to climb the staircase.

Always she had on her face the same pleading look, which begged him to let her return to her own people.

The young man played more and more of the melody, for the more he played, the more he wanted to hear. He played it almost to the end, but he would never play the last few notes. Each time, just as she had almost reached the end of the golden staircase, the beautiful girl had to turn and come back.

One day, the young musician received an order to go to the royal palace and play for the king and the members of the court.

The king had heard of this wonderful young musician and wanted to listen to the music himself.

It was a great honour and the young musician was delighted. He had a new suit made for the occasion and he chose with the greatest of care the music he would play before the king, for he knew that all the court musicians, as well as all the great men of the land, would be there to listen to him.

He set out for the palace, his new clothes packed in his bag, his violin carried with the greatest care under his arm.

It was a long journey from the town where the young man lived to the great city where the king lived and when he reached the city, the young man was overawed by all the splendour around him.

The palace was the most wonderful he had ever seen, surrounded by gardens of beautiful flowers, where fountains played and birds sang and the sun shone all the day long.

The young musician dressed for the concert very carefully, for he wanted to look his best in front of all these important people.

The time for the concert came and when he entered the great hall, where the king and his courtiers were seated, they were surprised to see that the great genius was such a young man.

The concert began and everyone in the hall listened enthralled, for they had never heard such beautiful music. The king, who had ordered the best musicians of the time to play for him, vowed that never had he heard music like this. He determined to offer the young

musician anything he cared to, ask for, to stay at the palace and play for him.

The musician played the most difficult and brilliant pieces of music ever composed and the music was so flawless that after each item the applause grew more and more deafening. Then, at the very end, the young man bowed to the king.

"Your Majesty, I shall end



with a piece of music never heard before," he said.

He took up his bow and began to play his wonderful melody. The king and the court sat spellbound, but only the musician could see the golden staircase, stretching up into the clouds and the beautiful girl, climbing up, step by step.

The music neared its end. The musician played the last note but one and hesitated. He could not bring himself to play the last note.

The girl reached up towards the last step and turned her face to the young musician, pleading with him to let her go back to her home.

There was a pause, then the

musician played the last note, which he had never played before.

The king and the courtiers leaped to their feet in horror. All they saw was the young musician who, at the end of the wonderful piece of music, had thrown down his bow and fallen dead at the feet of the king.

They had not seen the staircase and they did not know that, as the very last note was played and the girl reached the top, she paused, looked back and held out her hand and the young man threw down his violin and rushed after her up the golden steps, to join her in the beautiful land which was her home, at the top of the golden staircase.



WHY IS A SOLDIER'S UNIFORM CALLED KHAKI?

The word 'Khaki' comes from a Hindi word KHAK which means "earth" or "dust". When Britain ruled India, British soldiers often had to fight, and they found that by dipping their white cotton uniforms in muddy pools and streams, they were able to camouflage, or disguise, themselves so that they became almost a part of the landscape, and better able to protect themselves from the enemy. 'Khaki' uniforms gradually replaced the blue previously worn.



THE UGLY WIFE

Long ago there lived in a village a dunce named Eswar. His parents wanting to put some sense into him sent him to a good teacher in the village. After some years, Eswar emerged as a bright young man, and suddenly his stock in the marriage market went up. So everyday there was a big queue of prospective fathers-in-law in front of his house.

In that village lived a simple lass called Shubha, who was intelligent and hard working. But fate had played a bad trick on her, and she remained misshapened and ugly to look at. So no one wanted to marry her. But Eswar surprised every one by his willingness to marry her. His friends and well wishers tried to dissuade him, but he refuted their arguments

by saying that a "beautiful wife was an enemy." Thus he married Shubha.

One day his father died, and Eswar had to earn his livelihood. He was not dismayed in the least.

Instead he plucked on the strings of his lyre, and went from village to village earning his keep as a minstrel. Shubha did not demur and kept house to the best of her ability.

The whole village gossiped about Eswar's strange life and pitied him for marrying such an ugly girl. Some superstitious ones said within his hearing, "Eswar must have sinned in his previous birth. Perhaps then he never gave a maiden away in marriage."

Eswar thought there might be some truth in that, because he



had read in the scriptures that he who gave away a maiden in marriage, earned a good life and a beautiful wife in the next birth. But he consoled himself by thinking that God was all merciful and would listen to his pleas. He decided to propitiate Lord Siva, and to this end prepared some sweet cakes which he began to eat. With each morsel of cake dipped in butter, he would mutter, "Om Siva!" The result was that his stomach bloated like a bladder and he underwent extreme torment. Lord Siva taking pity on him, appeared before Eswar.

"Son, what do you wish?" asked Lord Siva.

When Eswar opened his eyes,

he saw the brilliance of Parvathi, Siva's consort and forgot to name his wish.

Understanding his confusion, Siva gave him three stones and said, "You can get three wishes fulfilled. With each wish, you must throw away one stone. Then what you wish for will transpire."

Beaming with happiness, Eswar came home, and wished that his wife would become beautiful.

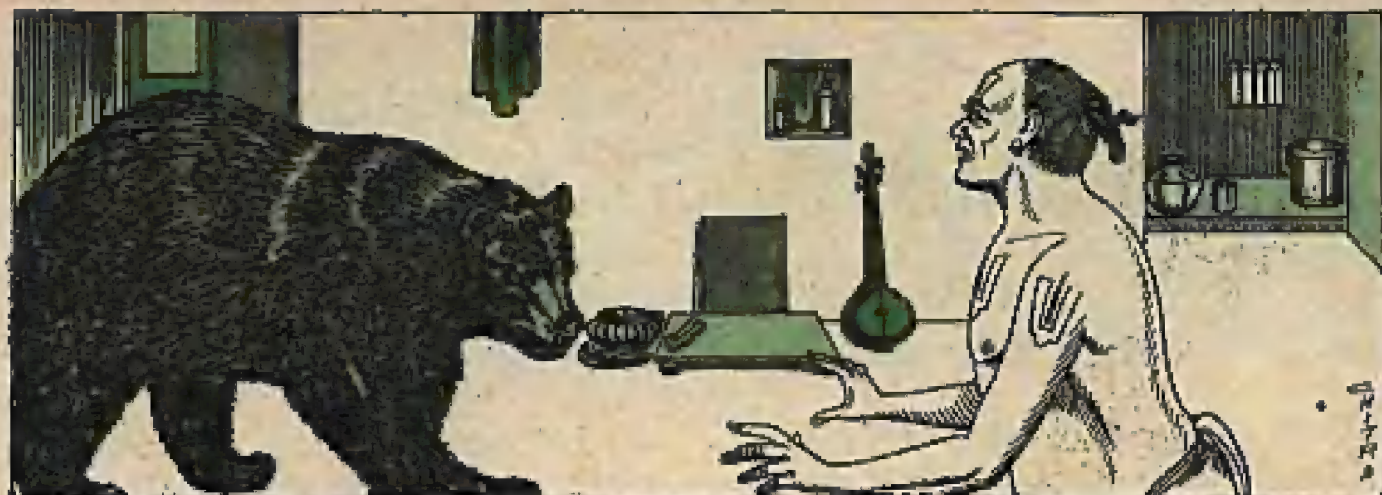
Hey! Presto! Shubha lost all her ugliness and became a comely woman.

Then Shubha said, "Oh! Husband, why don't you wish to become a king?"

Eswar laughed and replied, "That's not right. If I become a king, I may have to fight battles. I've got what I wished for. Why should we worry about anything else?"

Next day he set off to sing for his supper after carefully placing the remaining stones in a secure place.

As soon as he left, Shubha went round the village to show off her new beauty. She was so changed in appearance that no one believed she was Shubha. She had a difficult time con-



vincing everyone of her true identity.

In the meanwhile, some guards of the royal palace came searching for the royal ballerina who had run off to escape the evil king. When they saw beautiful Shubha they thought it was the escapee and arrested her. She pleaded with them to let her go, but to no avail. She was dragged to the palace and her lamentations filled the street.

Eswar heard about her predicament and hastening home threw the second stone with

the wish that Shubha might become a bear.

What was the surprise of the king when he beheld not his beautiful court dancer, but a ferocious bear! He ran off and hid himself. The bear ambled out of the palace and made for its home.

Eswar was even more shocked to see the bear and quickly taking up the third stone wished that the bear would regain its original form. Thus Shubha retained her original ugliness but the couple remained happily ever afterwards.



Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year !

—Michael Bruce



WOLF AND THE SNAIL



Long, long ago, there lived an old wolf in France. One night, he was running along a lonely country road on his way to Dijon, a French town, when he met a little snail. As it happened the little snail was also travelling along the road in the direction of Dijon. The snail had heard the wolf approaching. He turned round and saw the wolf about to pass by.

"I say, Mr. Wolf. Stop a minute."

The wolf came to a sudden stop and looked down at the little snail.

"Good evening," he said, "and how are you my little friend? In the best of health, I hope?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Wolf. I am very well, thank you," said the snail. "Mr. Wolf, may I be so bold as to ask where you are going this bright and starry night?"

"I am going to Dijon,"

replied the wolf, "and where might you be going to, my little friend, at this late hour?"

"Oh, I am going to Dijon, too," replied the snail.

The wolf burst out laughing. For a little while he could not speak, he was laughing so much, but at last he managed to say, "Little snail, that is the best joke I've heard for a long time. For a little creature like you and the speed at which you crawl along, it will take at least three years to reach the town."

The little snail was rather annoyed that the wolf was laughing at him. He knew it was a long way but he was a determined little fellow.

"If you think it is so funny, Mr. Wolf, I will show you who is the better and faster of us two," he said crossly.

The rude wolf burst into laughter again at the thought of the little snail reaching him to the town.

The snail continued speaking.

"I will bet you a good dinner that I will reach Dijon before you," he said.

"Very well," replied the wolf, "I accept your offer, but I have no doubt who will be the winner. After all, I am so much faster than you."

"That may be so," replied the snail, "but nevertheless I

will give you a start of three paces."

Still laughing to himself, the wolf took three paces forward.

The crafty little snail crawled along the ground and on to the wolf's bushy tail. Without looking round the wolf said.

"Right, are you ready?"

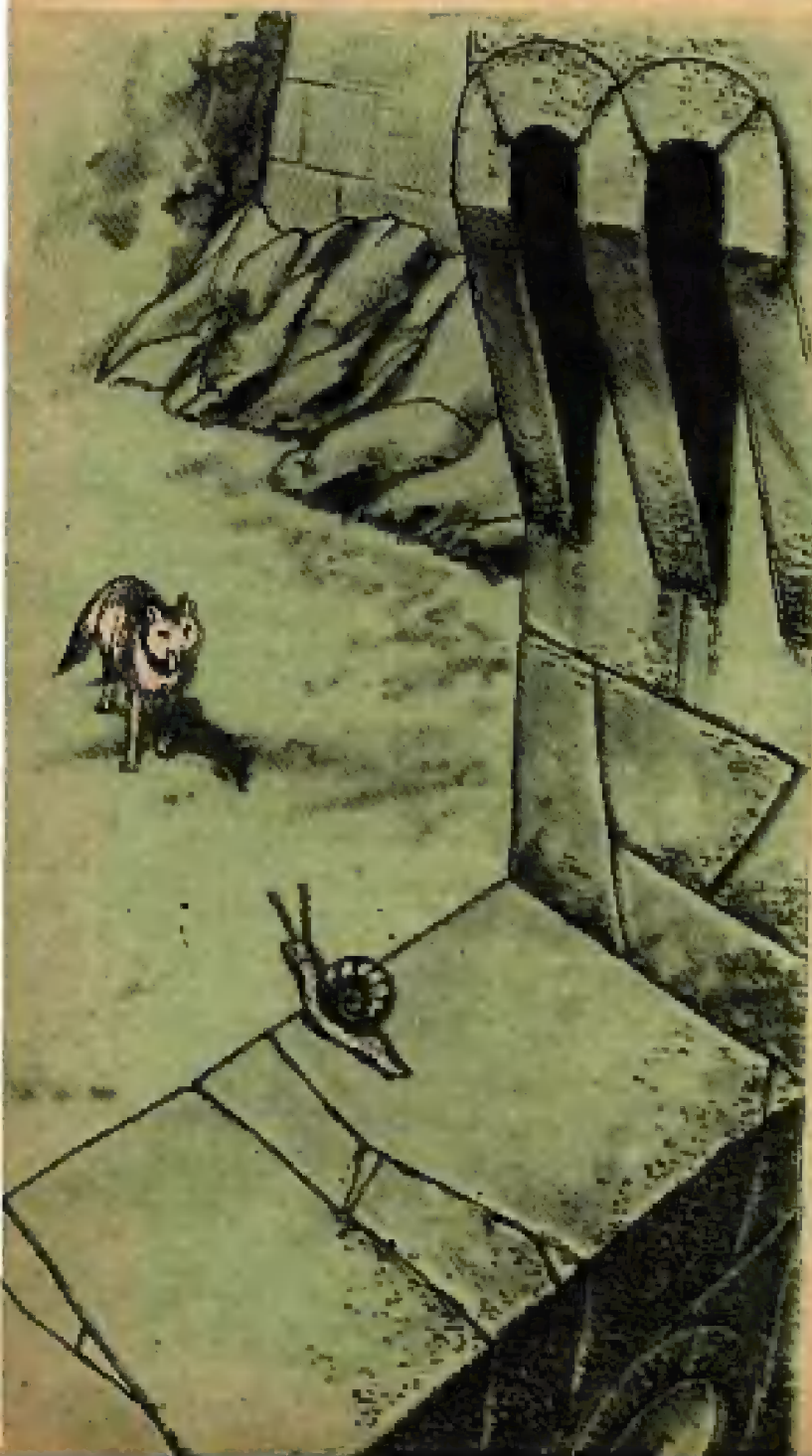
"Yes," said the snail.

"Then off we go," said the wolf.

The wolf began to run, without knowing that he was carrying the snail. Faster and faster he went until he was running at full speed over the hills and valleys, over the meadows and through the forests. On and on he ran until at last he reached Dijon. As it was night-time, the gates to the town were closed. The wolf went up to them and shouted, "Open up. Open up!" but nobody answered. The gatekeeper was fast asleep and nothing would wake him.

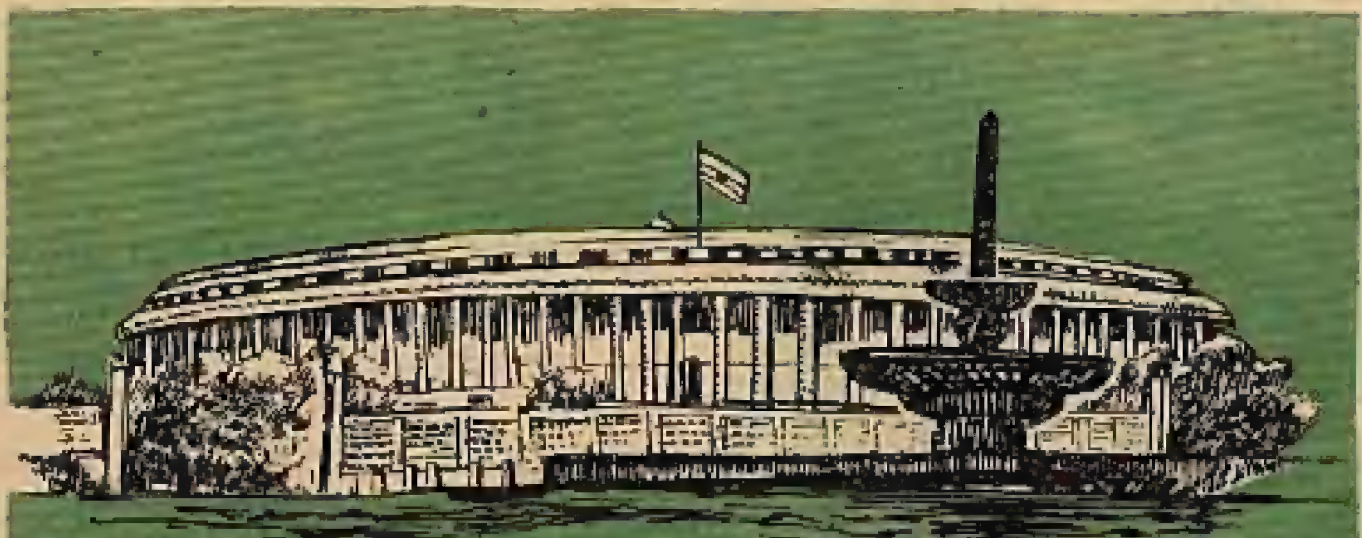
Meanwhile the little snail who had been clinging to the wolf's tail all this time, had slipped down and was now slowly crawling up the wall of the town.

As the wolf sat down to wait for the gatekeeper to wake up



and let him in, the snail called down to him from the top of the wall. "Well, here you are at last. What took you so long? Did you stop for a short nap on the way? I have been waiting for you for some time now and await the dinner that you promised me."

The poor wolf sat there bewildered. A slow little snail had beaten him in a race. The wolf had to admit that he had been beaten and he treated the snail to a large dinner, but he never found out how the little creature had managed to race him to the town.

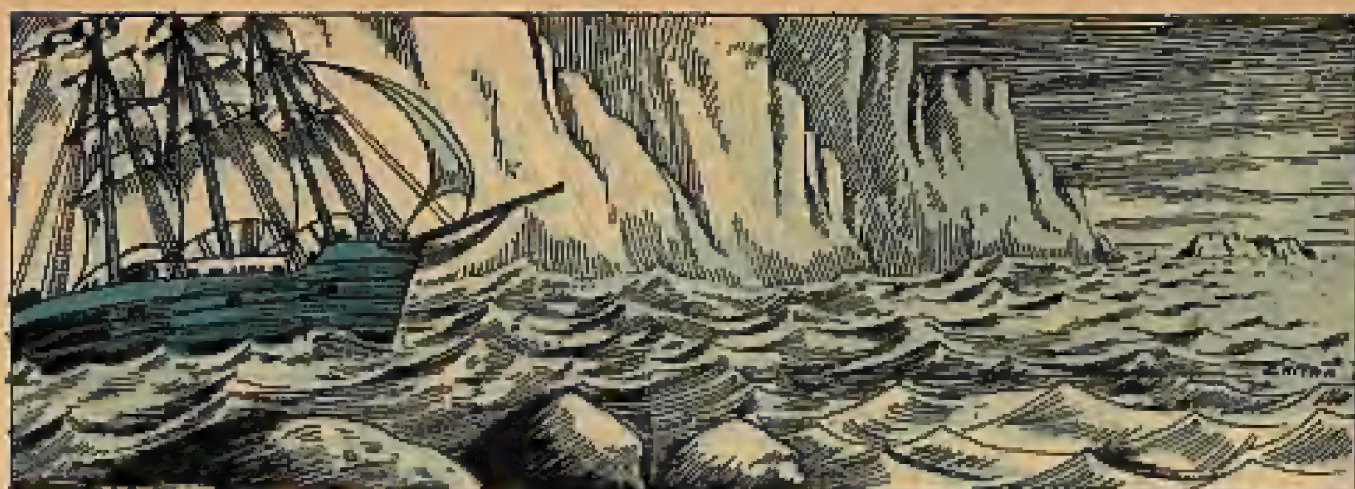


Parliament House, New Delhi

HOW ARE PARLIAMENTS CALLED IN THE FOLLOWING COUNTRIES?

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1. Bulgaria | 10. Persia |
| 2. Denmark | 11. Poland |
| 3. Elre | 12. Portugal |
| 4. France | 13. Sweden |
| 5. Iceland | 14. Switzerland |
| 6. Isrdel | 15. Syria |
| 7. Japan | 16. U.S.A. |
| 8. Netherlands | 17. West Germany |
| 9. Norway | 18. Yugoslavia |

For answer please turn to page No.59



ISLAND OF PYGMIES

Once a few merchants were travelling in a ship to a far distant land. When the vessel reached the port of Aloha, a young man came aboard.

The ship sailed again, and was hardly in the deep seas, when a fierce storm arose, and buffeted the slender craft violently.

Nearby loomed the outline of a rocky island, and all aboard the ship thought that the vessel would be dashed to pieces against the rocks.

The ship's captain said, "We are now looking at the Island of Jewels. It is said that you can never see the like of these jewels anywhere in the world."

But this offered little comfort to those on board because no matter what those rocks contained, the ship was certain to

be wrecked. So the passengers decided to abandon the ship, and little rafts were floated. The whole company left for the Island except for the young man who preferred to remain on board.

But as soon as they landed they were confronted by a horde of pygmies who began to shower poisoned arrows on them. The merchants and sailors ducked frantically to avoid the arrows. At last they were surrounded and arrested.

The Captain of the pygmies asked, "Why have you come to our Island?"

The Captain of the ship said, "Our ship was caught in a storm. Now you must help us."

The leader of the pygmies said, "Our king will decide that." Then turning to his



soldiers, he ordered them to bind the eyes of the ship's company.

Thus blindfolded they were taken before the pygmy king who refused to believe their story of a ship lost in the storm, and straightaway imprisoned them in underground caves.

Meanwhile, the young man, whose name was Sanjeevi woke up from a deep sleep and was worried to find that no one had returned to the ship. He set out to find his companions and floated a raft for that purpose. When he reached the shore, he saw two pygmy children playing with what seemed to be marbles, but which were in reality some blood red rubies.

When they saw him, they took fright and tried to run away after screaming, "Giant, Giant," several times.

Sanjeevi caught hold of them and reassured them that he was no giant but just a bigger man in size. He was hungry and wanted to eat something. So the two children took him home, and from them he learnt of the fate that had overtaken the other merchants. He resolved to free them.

After eating his fill, he requested the other pygmies to take him to the king. They agreed gladly and escorted him to the king who was seated on a high rock. As soon as he neared the rock, Sanjeevi grabbed at the diminutive king and held him aloft. The king screamed in fright, and thrashed about in the young man's grip.

Hearing their king's yell, pygmies came dashing from all sides but stood stock still when they beheld the terrible danger their king was in.

Sanjeevi said calmly, "If even a hair on my friends' heads is harmed I'll crush your king to death. What do you say?"

In a quivering voice, the king ordered the release of the



captives. Soon thanking their kindly fates, the prisoners arrived and realised they owed their release to Sanjeevi who had originally stayed behind.

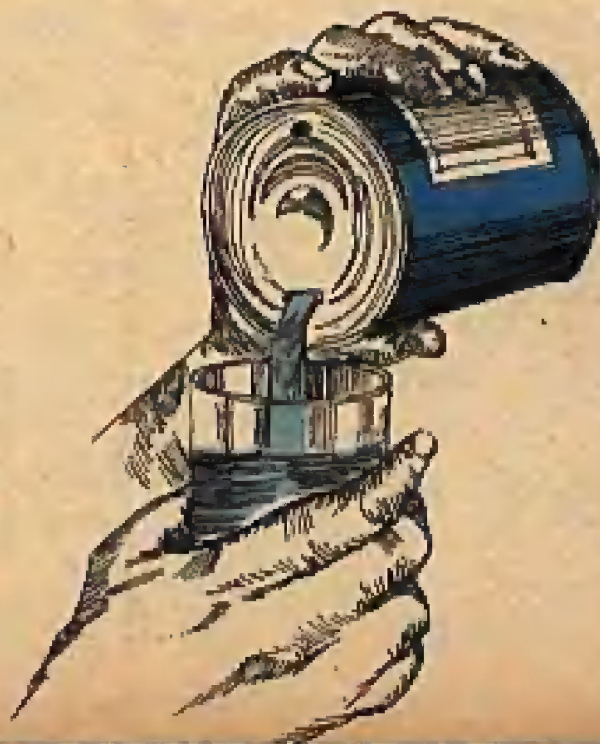
Then at the order of Sanjeevi, the pygmies set to work on the repair of the ship. When everything was ready for the departure, the merchants expressed their wish to carry back some of the precious stones found in the Island.

So Sanjeevi called the king and said, " My friends are interested in your coloured marbles. But we want the big round ones from the top of the mountain. We can't play with tiny marbles."

Thus the merchants got their precious stones, and set sail for home full of praise for Sanjeevi, who had not only given them a new lease of life, but had also made them rich in the bargain.

WHY SHOULD THERE BE TWO HOLES BEFORE LIQUID WILL POUR FROM A TIN ?

If a small single hole is made in the top of a tin, the liquid contents will not pour out easily. But if another hole is made it will pour out quickly. This is due to air pressure all around us. As it is exerting that pressure on the small single hole, the liquid cannot escape; so a second hole must be bored to overcome this. With air pressing into this extra hole, it forces the liquid out through the lower one, as seen here.





KNOWLEDGE OF A TRADE

The King of Jaipur had a son named Jaipal. Vijay, a commoner was a great friend of the prince. The two were inseparable and were to be found always together.

One day when they were returning from a hunt they stopped at a village well to drink some water. Some belles of the village were drawing water out of the well and on seeing the two thirsty strangers offered them some. But each girl poured out the water on the ground, until a seventh one filled an earthen vessel and offered it to the two youths. The prince was rather annoyed and spoke sharply. "What strange game is this? Here we are thirsty, and you pour out the water on the ground!"

The girl who had given him

the water replied, "Sir, it is obvious that you have ridden far and must be hot and bottered. If we gave the cold water of the well at once, it will only increase your discomfort. That's why we delayed giving you the water."

Jaipal was rather pleased with this answer. He looked at her and found her to be beautiful and intelligent. So he asked, "What is your name?"

She said, "My name is Madhavi, and I am the daughter of a shepherd. But who are you?"

The prince refused to reveal his identity and rode off.

Jaipal went straight to his parents and informed them that he desired to marry the shepherd's daughter. They tried to dissuade him from his purpose

but he remained adamant. At last they yielded to his desire and sent emissaries to the shepherd who was only too happy to agree to the alliance. But Madhavi had different ideas though inwardly she was very happy to know that the visitor of the previous day was actually the prince. She asked the emissaries, "I am honoured by the proposal of the prince. But has he learnt any trade?"

The emissaries said, "The prince has no need to learn a trade. He has plenty of men to do his bidding."

Madhavi replied, "Ah! But times may change. Princes may become paupers, and vice versa. Your prince must be prepared with some skill or the other. When he can do that then I'll marry him."

When the royal emissaries reported this to the king and queen they were secretly pleased because they did not want the prince to marry so far beneath his status. But the prince became thoughtful and said, "True. Madhavi is right. I must learn a trade. I think I'll become a weaver."

So he began practising on a loom and within a short time had become a skilled weaver.

As proof of his newly acquired skill he sent Madhavi a beautifully done cloak. She was encouraged to find that this talent alone would save the prince from poverty. So she consented to marry him.

A few days after the wedding Vijay, the bosom friend of the prince, disappeared from the city, and no trace of him was found for many months.

In course of time Jaipal became the king in place of his deceased father, and ruled wisely. One day Madhavi said to him, "Sire, a king must know what happens in different parts of the kingdom. I hear that from time to time some young people disappear from



their homes. No one knows where they go. You must investigate and return the missing persons to the bosom of their families."

Jaipal thought this was a good idea, and donning the costume of a farmer set out on his travels throughout the length and breadth of his kingdom.

One day he came to a small hamlet called Shakthipur and saw the villagers heaping presents on a venerable old hermit. When the prince enquired about this, he was told that the hermit was the priest of the local Kali temple who possessed miraculous powers.

That was why people flocked to his presence. Jaipal also joined the throng of people and bowed before Shakthidasa. The hermit on spotting him said, "Young man! Who are you, and what do you work at?"

Jaipal said, "Sir, I am a foreigner in these parts. In fact, I am searching for some occupation."

Shaktidasa looked at him and said, "Want a job eh! Come with me."

Then he signalled to some of his disciples and they took Jaipal with them. Quite a number of job seekers had swelled the ranks of the hermit's followers and all of them went



behind Shaktidasa. Jaipal wondered what kind of work the hermit had in store for him. He was not left in doubt much longer.

Shaktidasa led them to a large mansion on the outskirts of the town. Once inside he took them down a flight of steps and came to a huge iron door. He opened this with a brass key and motioned them inside. Obediently, all the young men trooped in. Jaipal was the last one through, when the iron door clanged behind them and they heard the sound of a key turning in the lock.

Everything was dark inside. Jaipal felt trapped. He realised that Shaktidasa had played foul with him and the others. He set out to explore his new surroundings and came to a row of caves in which a number of thin and emaciated people were lying. As soon as he entered this chamber, a wretched-looking man accosted them and said, "Ah! New victims eh! Don't you know that this Shaktidasa and his minions are really wicked trolls who lure innocent travellers to this house so that they can eat them. They spare only those who can work at some trade. But ulti-



mately all who come here die a horrible death."

Jaipal recognised with a shock that the speaker was his missing friend, Vijay, but the latter did not know him. The king kept his counsel and did not reveal himself. Just then one of Shaktidasa's men came in and gave them some food to eat. The idea was to fatten them for the day of the execution. But Jaipal ate little and set about exploring ways and means of escape. He asked for and got a loom at which he worked day and night and at last turned out a beautifully woven silk saree.

Jaipal called the disciple who attended them daily and said,

"My good man. See this beautiful saree fit only for the royal women! Go to the palace and show it to the queen. She'll buy it for several thousand gold mohurs. You can certainly become rich in no time at all."

The disciple's eyes glinted with greed and unknown to Shaktidasa, he took the saree to the palace to sell. Madhavi who had not heard anything from Jaipal for several months was downcast at his mysterious disappearance and half-heartedly consented to see the saree. But no sooner had she set eyes on it, then she jumped up with excitement for she understood that the cloth was a special weave made by her husband. Moreover Jaipal had cleverly traced out a message in the borders of the saree, and Madhavi could detect it easily. She realised that the king was

in terrible danger. Quickly calling her guards, she imprisoned the luckless disciple who after a severe beating confessed to his part in the crime. Then taking an army with her, she stormed the gates of the mansion and freed all the prisoners. Shaktidasa and his wicked men were utterly destroyed.

Vijaya was re-united with his friend who turned round and said, "Well, Vijay. You must admit that knowing a trade has its uses. How else could we have got out of this mess?"

Thus thugs like Shaktidasa were rooted out completely and everyone of the missing persons was restored to his family. There was great rejoicing in the land and Jaipal and his wife praised by all for their cleverness and resourcefulness ruled happily for a long time.





The story so far...

Kaurava warriors came to the help of Lord Bhishma and encircled Arjuna. Angered at this, Lord Krishna dashed off to kill Bhishma. But Arjuna implored him to be impartial as promised and assured that he would himself destroy all the Kauravas. Ghatotkacha playing his magic tricks, the battle was on the side of Pandavas. Now read on.....

Sanjaya replied, "Oh King! The Pandavas are no magicians. They rely upon their own superior strength. Virtue protects them. But your sons are steeped in evil. They have turned a deaf ear to all good advice. So they'll perish. Even you scorned all warnings. Lord Bhishma, Drona and myself did our best to dissuade you from this dangerous course. Duryo-

dhana posed such a question to Lord Bhishma, and was struck speechless by the latter's reply."

Then Sanjaya began to describe the battle.

Duryodhana agitatedly asked Bhishma, "Grandfather, how is it that with such great warriors like you, and Drona and Kripa, we are unable to defeat the Pandavas?"

Lord Bhishma replied bluntly, "Duryodhana, I repeat what I've said a thousand times before. Make peace with the Pandavas. You'll live happily. Persist in your course and you'll die. As long as Lord Krishna is on their side, no one can crush the Pandavas. I tell you this."



A long while ago, all the Gods called on Brahma on Mount Gandhamadana. Suddenly a brilliantly lit aerial carriage hovered in the sky. Brahma, the celestial creator, hastily got up and bowed to it. All the Gods followed suit. Then Brahma said, "Oh Protector, be born in the race of the Yadavas."

"So be it," echoed a divine voice from the car. Then the vehicle disappeared in a blinding flash. Then all the Gods chorused, "Lord, whom did we worship?"

Brahma replied, "That was God Vishnu. The Titans and demons who have ravaged the world a long time ago have been reborn on earth. Only

the Naranarayanas can destroy them again. Thus the endless burden of the earth will be lessened.

"Duryodhana, perhaps in your previous birth, you were a terrible Titan. That is the reason why Lord Krishna and Arjuna war against you."

Duryodhana's face grew livid and he scowled in anger at what he considered meaningless babbling on Bhishma's part. Then he went back to his tent in a towering rage.

On the fifth day of the battle Sathyaki was attacked by Drona. Bhishma and Salya came up in support of the latter. Bhima ran to Sathyaki's aid. The Upapandavas and Sikhandi engaged Drona, Bhishma in a fierce conflict. Sikhandi, unable to withstand the searing barrage of arrows from Drona, retreated.

In another part of the field Arjuna with one barb split open Aswathama's armour. But Drona's redoubtable son carried on relentlessly.

Meanwhile Sathyaki worked havoc on the Kaurava forces, and Boorisvara raced up to meet him. Sathyaki's sons went to help their father but were beaten back by Boorisvara.

Though the battle raged long and fierce, neither side could claim victory and thus the fifth day ended.

On the sixth day, Pandavas adopted the Mahara formation to the Kaurava's Krauncha one. But as soon as the battle was joined the carefully formed divisions were swept aside by the unorthodox fighting that ensued. Bhima and Drona fought each other like ferocious tigers. Drona lost his charioteer, but undaunted, drove his vehicle forward and rained arrows on Bhima. When the younger Kauravas encircled Bhima in an effort to capture him, the Pandava colossus leaped down

from his chariot and twirling his gigantic mace above his head fell on them like a thunderbolt and scattered them like chaff. The elephants that were sent against Bhima reeled back from the terrible weapon wielded by the latter. But, by the time Dhristadyumna dashed to his succour, Bhima was covered by the gore of his enemies and looked terrible indeed. The Kauravas were determined to kill Bhima and Dhristadyumna and pressed their attack pointedly against the duo. Drupada was being beat back by Drona, and Duryodhana tried every trick to trap Bhima, but the latter eluded all the attempts to snare





him and went around slaughtering the Kaurava warriors remorselessly.

As the twilight hour drew near, Duryodhana redoubled his efforts to destroy Bhima. When the two foes came face to face at last, Bhima took the offensive and destroyed Duryodhana's chariot. Kripa noticing Duryodhana's plight brought his chariot around and dragged the latter inside.

Drishtaketu, Abhimanyu, the Upapandavas and Kekaya killed scores of their enemies. In this battle, Dushkarna was killed.

As the sun disappeared over the western rim of the sky, the battle was stopped and the combatants retired to their tents. Yudhisthira was all praise for the valour shown by Bhima and Dhristadyumna.

A weary and tired Duryodhana went to Lord Bhishma and said crossly, "Grandfather, our formations are easily being destroyed by the Pandavas. Bhima has frustrated all my efforts to capture him. How then can we defeat the Pandavas?"

Bhishma replied, "Duryodhana, we are doing our best to help you. The Pandavas have many great warriors on their side. It is no mean task

to win over them. I am exerting all my powers to destroy them."

Duryodhana, somewhat mollified, said, "True. The Pandavas have many great warriors on their side. I too noticed that they were wilting under your charge. If the battle continues like this, we shall soon reduce the strength of the enemy."

Bhishma said pointedly, "Duryodhana, there are great warriors on our side too. Drona, Salya, Kritavarma, Aswathama, Goumidatta, Saindhava, Bahulika, Brihathpala, Chित्रसेना, Vivimsathi—the list grows endless! Our cavalry and elephant corps are massive in strength and power. Yet, I will tell you this once more, for your own good, I mean! Even if God Indra descends from the heavens with his cohorts to do battle with the Pandavas, he cannot win over them. Therefore, I am not too sure about winning this war for you."

Duryodhana turned away irked by Bhishma's confession of inadequacy against the Pandavas, and retraced his steps with a heavy heart. Back in his tent, he sat down to have his wounds attended to by Visalyakarna.

(Contd.)



THE MISSING STATUE

and he wasted the wealth of his family and the wealth of his kingdom. He was only lazy when he had to work at the affairs of state. He did not look after the welfare of his kingdom and his subjects and soon he left the running of his country to his ministers. The ministers liked this, for it meant that they had more power.

Suffar, the young King of Egypt, was handsome and strong and gay. He was good at all games and sports and he was a brave warrior. He was also clever, for his old tutor, Zenda, had taught him all the things that a young king should know and many other things as well.

The only person who scolded the king was his old tutor, Zenda. He told King Suffar that his subjects were being oppressed by the unjust ministers. The people were forced to pay high taxes and those who could not pay were put into prison. Much of the money, the ministers kept for themselves.

However, King Suffar had one failing. He was very lazy and fond of pleasure. He was not lazy in enjoying himself in sport, or pleasure. He could hunt all day without tiring and then dance all night. He gave huge banquets and wonderful dancing parties for his friends

The king would not listen to Zenda and the courtiers made fun of him. The ministers hated him and at last Zenda left the court and went sadly away to live in a small cottage in the forest, with only his

youngest daughter, Zara, to look after him.

One day, when King Suffar was alone, a stern-looking man appeared, in a cloud of blue smoke. "Suffar," he said. "I am Zeim, King of all the Genies. I have always loved and protected your family. I have come to tell you that you are destroying both yourself and your country because you live only for pleasure. Your courtiers make fun of you and your ministers cheat you. For the sake of your family, I am prepared to help you. Listen carefully, for I am going to set you a task. You must go to your father's study and lift the stone which you will see in the middle of the floor. There you will find a trapdoor. Lift it and you will see a narrow staircase. At the bottom of the staircase you will find a wonderful trea-

sure, but before this treasure is yours, you must obey the command you find written there."

With these words, Zeim disappeared in a cloud of blue smoke. Suffar rushed to the room which had been his father's study and found the trapdoor. He went down the narrow staircase and along a passage until he came into a huge room. It was filled with gold and silver and sparkling jewels. There were rich plates of gold, drinking vessels set with precious stones and beautiful statues, gleaming with rubies and diamonds. In the middle of this wonderful treasure stood an empty pedestal. A tablet in front of it said: "Before you can take this treasure for your own, you must find the missing statue. It is the most precious part of the treasure."

Suffar did not know where





to start. Then he thought of his old tutor, Zenda, who lived in the woods. He set out for the cottage immediately and told his tutor all that had happened. The old man knew Zeim, the King of the Genies and he took Suffar to the Palace of Glass, where Zeim lived. When they reached it, the tutor called to Zeim and he came out to meet them.

"I am pleased that you have started at once on your search," he said. "I will give you a little more help. If you will find me a girl who is truly modest and good and bring her to me, I will find you the missing statue. This mirror will help you. The surface of the mirror will cloud over if the girl has not got these virtues, but any girl who has them will be able to see her face clearly."

The king and the old tutor set out on their search. They visited castles and hovels, great houses and poor cottages and many maidens looked into the mirror, but each time the glass became misty and the girl's face could not be seen. Eventually, tired and discouraged, they returned to the cottage in the forest.

There, the tutor's youngest daughter, Zara, was waiting for them, with a good meal. As she hastened to prepare the table, she picked up the mirror and peered at her reflection for a moment. To the king's amazement, the mirror remained clear and he saw the beautiful face of Zara reflected in it.

Zara's father felt sad at having to give his youngest daughter to the Genie, but he

knew it must be so, for the sake of the young king. They took Zara to Zeim's palace. Suffar, who had fallen in love with the girl, was as unhappy as her father. He swore that he would not touch one jewel of the treasure he had once wanted so badly. He went, for the last time, to see the treasure.

A statue now stood where once there had been an empty pedestal. The statue was covered with a cloth and the young king pulled it off. Then he gave a cry of delight and amazement. There was Zara, dressed in royal robes. Smil-

ing, she stepped down from the pedestal.

In a cloud of blue smoke, Zeim, King of the Genies, appeared. "Here is the most precious treasure of all," he said to Suffar. "She is your bride. She will help you in the difficult task of running your kingdom and her father will always be by your side to advise you."

A great wedding feast was prepared and the wicked ministers were dismissed at once. The people grew happy and contented under the rule of the wise King Suffar and the good Queen Zara.

ANSWERS

PARLIAMENTS

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Sobranje | 10. Majlis |
| 2. Rigsdag | 11. Sejm |
| 3. Dail Eireann | 12. Cortes |
| 4. National Assembly | 13. Riksdag |
| 5. Althing | 14. Federal Assembly |
| 6. Knesset | 15. Majlis al-Nouab |
| 7. Diet | 16. Congress |
| 8. States General | 17. Bundestag |
| 9. Storting | 18. Skupshchina |

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 GEORGIA | 8 LE DUC THO; |
| 2 DALLAS, TEXAS STATE | DR. HENRY KISSINGER |
| 3 ALEXANDER II | 9 ABID ALI |
| 4 THEY ARE NEWS AGENCIES, WHICH | 10 SID BARNES |
| SUPPLY NEWS TO NEWSPAPERS, RADIO | 11 LYNDON B. JOHNSON |
| AND TELEVISION STATIONS | 12 SPIRO T. AGNEW; GERALD FORD |
| 5 PARIS | 13 102 |
| 6 JULIEN PERON | 14 COL. C. K. NAYUDU |
| 7 DR. SALVADOR ALLENDE | 15 PERU |



A PROPHECY COMES TRUE

To the land of Nanja came a renowned prophet. Hearing about his great powers, the king's General invited him to his house and requested him to prophesy on his son's future. The prophet looked at the lad and said, "He'll be a king one day and live in great luxury." The General became happy, but the king of the land who heard about this from his spies was not and said so to his commander-in-Chief.

The General was a wise man who realised that his son's life was in great peril from the king's jealousy. So he called his son Virasena to him and said, "Son, the king is angry over the prophecy made about your future. I fear your life is in great danger. Go away from this land. If the fates decree that you will be king, no one can alter that. But for the present let us be cautious."

Virasena in obedience to his father's commands secretly left the land. Later the General went to the king and said, "Sire, I am your loyal servant. I have no desire that anyone not belonging to the royal family should sit on the throne. Therefore I have banished my son from this land. I have given strict orders to my soldiers to execute him if he ever sets foot inside our country."

The king was happy to hear this and praised his General for the latter's sense of strong loyalty.

In the meanwhile Virasena became an itinerant troubadour and travelled all over the world. One day he felt very tired and weak from hunger and fell down unconscious near the edge of a dark forest. Closeby was a cottage in which lived an old woman and her daughter. They saw the unconscious stranger

and carried him home. After sometime Virasena recovered, and was surprised to find himself in new surroundings. The old woman asked him who he was and what he did for a living. Virasena replied shortly that he was a wandering minstrel. The maiden who had rescued him said, "I am an orphan and this old dame is my only succour. You can stay here for as long as you will. When you don't like us, you can leave."

Virasena said, "How can I not like you after what you have done for me?"

The maiden replied, "No one likes me because I am so ugly."

Virasena was touched to the quick by these heartrending words and at once sang a song in praise of her goodness. The maiden's eyes brimmed with tears to hear this.

Virasena continued, "Young lady, your goodness has no equal. I would like to marry

you, but I am an orphan. What says your mother to this proposal?"

The old dame said, "Young man. You are acceptable to me".

So the next day wedding preparations were afoot, and on the day of the marriage, the king of that land turned up and gave away the bride, for in truth, she was his own daughter.

Though she was the daughter of a king, no prince wanted to marry her because she was very ugly. The king proclaimed that he would give half of his kingdom to the one who married her. But the princess would have none of it, and said, "Father, I'll marry the man who likes me for my qualities. So that no one will recognise me, I'll live in the forest with my nurse."

Virasena married her and became king after his father-in-law's death. Thus the prophecy fulfilled.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Prabhakar Mahadik



Prabhakar Mahadik

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st March.
- Winning captions will be announced in MAY issue.
- Write your entries on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name, address, age and post to :

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CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS-26.**

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in January Issue

The prize is awarded to

Mr. C. Easwaramurthy

'Lakshmi Ilam'.

14, State Bank Officers' Colony

Maharajapuram, Trinelveli-2.

Winning Entry—'Haughty Grin'—'Naughty Twin'



THREE QUESTIONS

The king of Avanthi had a beautiful daughter named Aravalli. Many princes fell in love with her, but she announced that she would marry only the one who answered three questions she asked.

Many princes came ready to answer her questions but these were so strange that none could give a satisfactory reply. Thus it was that in all the land no one could give correct answers and the princess remained unwed.

One day the prince of Salwa came galloping through the forest on his way to the princess's palace. As he was hungry he killed a deer and prepared to roast the venison on a spit. But each time he lit the fire, a strong gust of wind blew it out. When he tried for the last

time, a fierce flame arose and soon the forest was engulfed in it. Somehow the prince escaped the forest fire with his life and galloped on into the night. Still hungry he looked about for some sign of habitation and espied the light of a hut. When he came near, he saw a woman warming some soup over a fire. A dozen hungry children sat in a circle waiting to be fed.

The prince got down from the horse and said, "Good woman, can you give me something to eat? I am very hungry."

The woman without a word gave him a generous portion of the soup and ladled out the remaining dregs to her children. The prince was touched by such unselfishness and taking out a cloth bag from his waist counted out some gold pieces into



the woman's hands. Then he went his way and soon reached the princess's palace.

Many well meaning people tried to dissuade him from answering the princess's test, but he was determined to try his luck.

At last he was taken before the princess who asked him, "What is the flame in the sea like?"

The prince replied, "Like the woman who despite her great poverty is yet unselfish and generous. Similarly the flame lessens its heat in the bosom of the sea."

The princess thought this a good reply. Her second question was, "Can someone

be a friend and an enemy at the same time?"

The prince promptly replied, "Air, of course. It blew out my cooking flame, but set the forest in fire." Then he explained what had happened to him in the forest.

The princess asked for the third time, "What flies without wings?"

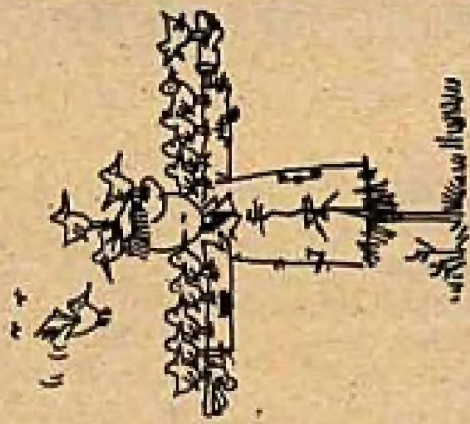
The prince replied, "The mind. My mind flew here without wings out of a desire to marry you."

The princess clapped her hands in joy and informed the king that all her questions had been answered. So one fine day the prince of Salwa married Aravalli and lived happily.

Great occasions rouse even the lowest of human beings to some kind of greatness, but he alone is really great whose character is great always, the same wherever he be.

—Swami Vivekananda

FUN WITH FIDDY



"They tell me it scares crows!"



"All right! So I have a suspicious mind! I still don't like it!"



"Hey! Can't you see there's a queue?"



"How many times must I tell you to come in out of the rain?"

"I think the generosity of human beings is wonderful, don't you?"

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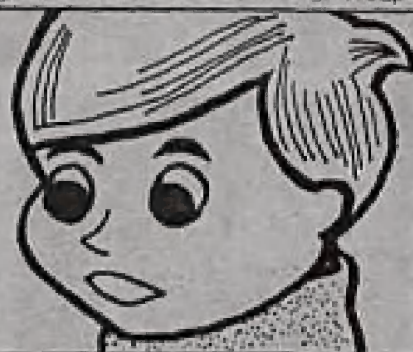
Playing it right...

We played a cricket match in school today Daddy. But I got out very soon.

Why son, what happened?



Sunil bowled a short ball. I tried to cut, but edged a catch to the wicket-keeper.



Bad luck! But there are other strokes to deal with short balls. For instance, you can play the hook. Move to your right so that the ball comes high up at your left. Hit with an upward swing of the bat.

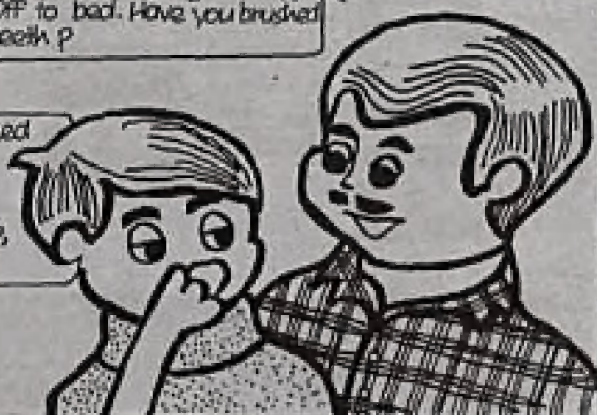


And if you hit with full force you will swing round completely. You may even find yourself facing the wicket-keeper!



Now then, it's nearly eight-thirty, son. Off to bed. Have you brushed your teeth?

I washed my mouth after dinner, Dad.



That won't do son. You must brush your teeth every night and morning, to remove all decay-causing food particles. You must also massage the gums, so they'll be healthy and strong.



Yes, Daddy.



Come, let's both brush our teeth with Forhan's toothpaste.



Forhan's
the toothpaste
created by
a dentist



RAM AND SHYAM IN THE PLEASURE TREASURE HUNT





Look what's found in that book: the treasure map of Capt. Cook



Quickly quickly to a boat, on the seas ready to float



After many a day, nasty storm comes their way



Crash boom bangs galore. Landed on a lonely shore



After roaming round a lot, a little hut they soon spot



An old man at his nap! Woken up to see their map



For you both a special booty - Poppins, Poppins Sweet 'n' Fruity!



LICKABLE LIKEABLE LOVABLE

PARLE POPPINS

FRUITY SWEETS



5 FRUITY FLAVOURS
RASPBERRY, PINEAPPLE
LEMON, ORANGE AND LIME
13 SWEETS IN EVERY ROLL